

WEEKLY

OR, LADIES'



"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VISITOR;

MISCELLANY.

VOL. IV.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1806.

No. 30.

THE HOTTENTOT BOY.

(Concluded.)

THE general managed this dialogue with admirable address, restraining his indignation, and speaking with the utmost calmness, so that the *denouement* was not in the least suspected. It is to be remembered, that as the English were in possession of the Cape, by the right of conquest, these injunctions of the general, however mildly uttered, carried authority in them, which the other knew it was in vain to resist. Notwithstanding, therefore, the mortification of disappointed vengeance, the humiliation before his family and slaves, the loss of time and labour, (no trifling consideration with a Dutch boor,) he immediately prepared to obey.

The cattle being harnessed to the waggon, and proper furniture being conveyed into it for our accommodation in the night, according to the custom before mentioned the boy was placed in it, ironed as he was; the general, the farmer, and the rest of the officers, accompanying, relieving each other by riding and walking in turn. The boor manifested a sullen acquiescence in all that was done; acquiescence being, indeed, all that was required of him; as the general committed the command of slaves who managed the cattle, to one of his lieutenants. In the afternoon of the third day, we reached the camp, and the waggon was placed in the open space be-

fore the general's tent. The covering was then ordered to be taken off, and the floor of the vehicle appeared as a stage on which the general intended to represent the principal act in the drama. The victim of the Dutch farmer's cruelty was left sitting in the midst of it, just as he appeared to us when we first saw him; and the troops assembling round, the whole army, before night, were pretty generally acquainted with the story. This was the sole reason why the general had suffered the poor child to remain in the state in which we found him, till we should have arrived at Head Quarters, that all might be witnesses of the master's inhumanity, and might justify the propriety of his own proceedings.

The evening being come, the general and a guard ascended the stage, directing the boor to ascend likewise. A smith was then ordered to unclasp the rings which were on the boy's legs, as carefully as possible, the flesh having nearly risen over them; and the guard seizing the boor, the smith rivetted them round his legs, and drew them sufficiently tight to give the inhuman monster a taste of the pain the other had so long endured; but, far from bearing it with the same patience his helpless victim had done, he set up the most hideous yellings, bellowing out frequently, "Is this the way to treat Christians?" It appeared to us in a very amiable point of view, to observe the child manifest no signs of exultation at seeing his master under torture on his

account, but rather as if he would have delivered him from it, had it been in his power. The general immediately summoned the head-surgeon, and gave him charge of the boy, directing him to use his utmost skill to restore, if possible, his limbs to their proper shape, and prevent any future bad consequences to his growth or activity.

He then ordered the boor's slaves to harness as many of their cattle as was necessary to draw the waggon to a retired place, at a convenient distance from the camp, (as, indeed, from his constant bellowing, there was no hope of repose, while he was within hearing,) and having appointed a guard constantly to relieve each other until further orders, withdrew, without giving any intimation of the length of time he intended the boor to remain in his present situation, or the price he designed he should pay for his deliverance. It should have been observed, that, previous to the child's being carried off to the surgeon's tent he fell at his deliverer's feet, in an agony, as it were, of gratitude, clasping his legs, and embracing his knees, who, on his part, was almost overcome with the sensations that rushed upon him.

It was agreed among the officers who spent that evening with the general, that the inhuman farmer should remain in his present state of suffering two full days, reckoning each day for a year of the time the helpless victim of his avarice and cruelty had been tortured; and it was

concluded not to announce the duration to him beforehand, that the uncertainty might make him feel the full weight of his punishment; it not being the pinching his flesh, but the correction of his mind, which was our general's aim. He also consulted them on the amount of the mulct he intended to lay upon him, to remunerate the surgeon, and provide for the boy till able to obtain a livelihood for himself.

The boor was therefore suffered to remain without the camp, unnoticed by any one from the general, but was occasionally gazed at by stragglers from the army, whose reports gave but little hope of an amendment, as he kept roaring out, and often repeating, "Is it thus you treat Christians?" shewing that humanity towards his fellow-creatures was not an article in his Christian code; or, speaking more properly, that Hottentots were not considered by him in that light.

At the appointed time, the waggon was brought back into the camp, when the general having informed him of the price at which he must purchase his deliverance, and the purpose the money was to be devoted to, ordered the rings to be taken off his legs, and some unguents to be given him to assuage the pain. Then addressing him on the wickedness of denying to the natives a participation in our common nature, and the inhumanity and barbarity both towards man and beast, to which it led, and trusting (he said) that the slight, comparatively very slight, measure of punishment inflicted on him, would influence him to be more merciful, he was dismissed.

SELECTIONS,
AND ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, FOR
THE VISITOR.

OBSERVATIONS ON SOCIETY.

"He is a good kind of a man,"—I have often heard people say, and when I asked the reason, I have always found, they only called him a *good kind of a man* because he distinguished himself in no way whatever; or, in other words, because he was a cypher. The man most certain to be esteemed, is he who, neither by the endowments of genius, nor of fortune, stands in the way of any other.

A person, without whom we cannot live, is very dear to us, but a person who cannot live without us, is much dearer; for he inspires the gratitude of vanity, and that is the most sincere of all gratu- tudes.

The art of acquiring friends is often less necessary than that of avoiding enemies. The friend assists you in rising, and the enemy may not have been able to prevent it. But now you stand above, where it is more difficult to preserve the equipoise, than it was below, upon safe ground. The enemy comes behind you, gives you a slight blow on the back, and down you fall.

Ten enemies are sometimes created in obtaining one friend, whose friendship is envied by those ten. Then they are sure to pour forth a volley of accusations, to make every weakness a crime, every fault a vice, every single transaction a daily custom, every suspicion a certainty. If I like, now and then, to look at a pretty girl, I'm a libertine; if I have the unhappy talent of sometimes being severe at a blockhead's expense, I have a bad heart; if I by chance, among some jovial friends, drink rather too freely, I'm nothing less than an habitual drunkard. A thousand times worse is it, if, in the list of enemies, there is any of the increasing sectaries, who affect a higher degree of piety than their neighbours. Their pious dispositions are not content with love and hatred; they either adore or abhor. But, of all enemies in the world, the very worst is a learned woman. If, added to this, she be unmarried, and in her wane, the case is desperate, indeed; for, if I were to carry her in my arms to Rome (as I have heard people say) and, after all my fatigues, lay her down at the gate not very softly, it would be sufficient to make her my enemy.

I have heard some people say they can wrap themselves in the cloak of innocence, and treat detraction with contempt; but this seems to me a very difficult thing. Slander is like a heavy shower, and though you may stand dry beneath the pent-house of your conscience, the world does not see it; and, what is still worse, will not see it. Men, in this respect, differ from angels;—they have more joy over one fallen sinner, than over a hundred just persons.

He is wise who complains against no one, for he thereby avoids or cloaks many

animosities. If the enemy be not converted by patience, he is at all events disarmed.

"But," I hear some one say, "the man who has an unjust dislike of another, does not deserve to be spared."—Right; but I am not arguing upon what *he* deserves; I am pointing out what is advantageous to *you*. You should appease his hatred for *your own* sake, not for his. And, truly, this is often easier to be done than is supposed. Be respectful towards your enemy, and he will feel flattered by that respect. Often has an inveterate slanderer been thereby converted to a warm defender.

Tradesmen often give credit, or they would sell but little: they have also often losses. It is exactly the same in society when we exchange civilities and attentions. The whole speculation is sometimes lost; but such a loss makes us poor in no greater a degree than as we lose courage to make a further venture.

As we are obliged to live among mankind as if we loved and respected them, would it not be better if we endeavoured to love and respect them in reality?

Alas! I have made many endeavours, and many have been fruitless.

Envy is unfortunately one of the most natural passions which agitates the mind of man. If we do not envy another's merit, we envy, at least his reputation, which is the consequence of that merit. We admire a reserved man of abilities, because we, at the same time, think we shall discover his hidden abilities, and because we thereby pay a compliment to our own penetration and our judgment. Where the veil of reserve is wanting, to deserve esteem is often a hindrance to the attainment of it.

It is only a heart replete with goodness and philanthropy which can pardon the superior understanding of another. He who endeavours, by his genius and understanding, to please mankind, acts as absurdly as if he were to introduce himself to a patron through the interference of that patron's deadliest foe.

Why are the men of this age more polite to each other, and less polite to the ladies, than in former times?

They are more polite to each other, because they have more sense and less courage, than they had two centuries ago. They feel that it is a folly to be engaged in eternal quarrels and combats: they therefore avoid them, by an increase of civility and respect. There are more reasons why they are less polite to the ladies. In the first place, the ladies (with all due respect be it said) are not quite so domestic, or virtuous, as their great, great, grandmothers. Secondly, the former heroic attachment of knights, and the slavery attached thereto, are extinguished. We love in quite a different way. We have other things in our heads. We think more of money than of fame in arms. The knights of former times had nothing to do, but to wield the lance, and love their mistress; they therefore attended to these two pursuits with all their ardour.

The world will sooner pardon a vicious, than a ridiculous man, and, it is a dreadful truth, that almost every man had rather appear vicious, than ridiculous, if the choice were in his power.

To think unlike the world, is courage of the mind. To avow such thoughts, is courage of the heart and—*folly*.

There are many things which the fool believes he knows perfectly, and which the wise man despairs lest he should never know.

LADY FRETFUL.

A Sketch from real Life.

Her general style of conversation runs on the inconveniences to be expected from this or that circumstance; and no one is so ingenious in extracting unsuspected evil from plans of the fairest promise. Is the weather fine, and a walk mentioned—it is hot—it is dusty—the wind is in the east—there was rain in the morning—it will be dirty—or it will rain before we reach home. Is she to go out in the carriage; one road is too long for the horses—another is unpleasant—another unsafe—and, in short, none are exactly right. Yet she goes on these proposed expeditions, after all possibility of pleasure has been reasoned and anticipated away. If she is going out to dinner, she is sure the company will be unpleasant—the servants will get drunk—she shall be robbed, or overturned in com-

ing home. If she is to have a party at home, she knows every thing will go wrong—nobody will be amusing—the time will hang heavy—the people will go away, execrating the stupidity of the visit. If she sees any lady employed about a piece of work, she prognosticates that it will be unfashionable before it is finished. If she sees any other reading, she never knew any good come of reading, but to make young people unfit for conversation. If her husband is going a hunting, she hates hunting, it is so dangerous. If he goes for a ride, she is surprised he can take pleasure in sitting on his horse for hours together. If he is in his library, she never saw such a book-worm. If he sits in the parlour, she hates men always at their wife's apron strings. Thus does she sour every common occurrence of life, by the most ingenious optical delusion, looking at every thing in the worst point of view.

What absurdity to imbitter one's allotted portion of happiness, by so obstinately persisting to anticipate only inconvenience! Why not be disposed to think fair appearances promise fair conclusions? Why, if the sun shines in the morning, be unwilling to enjoy it then? And, if it rains, why not be always inclined to hope the weather will brighten?

GOLDSMITH'S GENEROSITY.

THE generous disposition of that amiable man and celebrated writer, Dr. Goldsmith, frequently occasioned his hospitality to exceed the bounds of prudence. Dr. Kowley, who was in habits of intimacy with him, was once witness to a scene of this nature. Having waited upon Goldsmith with a sum of money, which had been procured to rescue him from his embarrassments; during conversation, an Hibernian knocked at the door, and, having been admitted, related to the doctor a tale of woe, calculated to work on his feelings. The sensibility of Goldsmith was tremblingly alive to the distresses of his countrymen—he immediately snatched up some bank notes which lay on the table, to a considerable amount, and put into the hand of the mendicant.

THOUGHTS ON DETRACTION.

THERE are many men possessed of a notion, false and absurd as it is, that the

destruction of other people's reputation is the building of their own; that whatever good qualities they have, or would be thought to have, will be rendered more conspicuous, by throwing a shade over those of others! But this is so far from answering the purpose aimed at, that it often gives to the hearer a suspicion, that the person who is so fond of expatiating on the faults and follies of his neighbour, does it only with a view of drawing off any attention to his own.

This mean and ungenerous spirit, these ill-natured humours, this more than fiend-like disposition, is so extremely base and absurd, that if strong instances were not seen daily through life, it would be almost impossible for a man of sense to believe them. For my part, I would not be thought outrageously virtuous: I have foibles, and many: but if I am totally free from any of the common weaknesses of mankind, I take it to be this—I trouble myself about no man's business that does not concern me: nor do I ever lessen the reputation of any person, without reason; and when I do, it is in the face of day, openly, and without disguise: for I think no man, or set of men, ought to ascend the judgment-seat of Fame, or dare to use the whip of Censure, without being armed with the social virtues, justice and humanity, which the generality of rigid censurers are destitute of. And were the parties defamed to reverse the mirror, the sons of Calumny would be ashamed of their blackness, and shudder at their own deformity. Many learned and eminent authors have taught us, that the seat of that ever detestable vice, calumny, is solely lodged in the breasts of people of mean and servile dispositions: while, on the other hand, the foundation of those virtues, justice and humanity, so very necessary to render society perfect, are only found with generous and disinterested minds, the truth of which is very plainly evidenced in every action of human life.

A lady of Edinburgh 55 years old, and one month a widow, was weeping over the tomb of her late husband; and, whilst a friend endeavoured to console her, was interrupted by the clerk of the church, who, in a half whisper said, "*the parties are now waiting.*"—"What parties Mrs. Mills?" said her friend. "*Don't ask me,*" cried the afflicted matron, (grief almost choking her utterance) "*I'm going to be re-married this morning to Mr. Carter.*"

EXTRACT FROM THE NUMBERS OF
THE WANDERER.

Reason has been considered as much the distinguishing attribute of man, as is beauty of woman. All that can be said in favour of the arts and artifices, used by women to improve their beauty, may be considered as solemn injunctions on men to improve their reason. Yet we often find the thing *completely unsexed*; women, that disregard person altogether, exclusively devoted to the cultivation of reason, and men, equally forgetful of reason, exclusively devoted to the decoration of person. Both these modes of conduct are equally *extreme*. To the first, what MONTESQUIE observes, when speaking of the British Constitution, is perfectly opposite. "The *excess* of reason is not desirable;" an expression perhaps paradoxical, as it betrays *enthusiastic* attachment to *moderation* and *extreme* love of *mediocrity*. Yet it is certainly true, in this instance, that there may be *excess* of reason. No man would wish to see on the face of a lady "the wrinkled brow of care," that would bespeak a metaphysician. Works of taste seem peculiarly fitted for the fair. They should aim rather at refinement, then strength.

But the most disgusting object in creation is a young man, apparently unconscious, that he has a mind, altogether absorbed in the mere adornment of a pretty person.

"O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!"

These *dediti corpori* are infinitely more contemptible than SALLUST's "*dediti ventri*;" fops are far more to be despised than epicures; coxcombs than gluttons.

See LIGHTAIRS, the other side the street! He is tricked out in all the foppery of French caprice. He once had talents, but ashamed of his tawdriness, they have long since left him. With what a smirk he peers in the face of every lady he meets! Follow him into that store. His hat is under his arm, in a moment. His head is dressed quite in *ton*; well scented, pomatumed, and powdered. The barber took the hint from the cook, and made that dish *show most*, which had the least in it. "Each particular hair" stands on end, not "like quills upon a fretful porcupine;" but like feathers on the neck of a bristling cock turkey. "How are you Jack?" are the first words, that salute him. "Quite neat about the hair upon my word!" "Pon my honour sir,"

striking his boots with a stick, "not a comb has passed through it these three weeks." Rustics, that did not know the existence of such a thing as a *hair brush*, would really be uncivil enough to call in question the gentleman's veracity.

"Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world" surely such cant is the most contemptible. LIGHTAIRS, in a ball room, is the *ladies' man* to perfection. No sooner is his partner at the bottom of a dance, than, since he knows it would be rudeness to ask her to take snuff, he whisks ye out a little box of perfumes, and revives her ladyship with *fixed air*.

From the fate of such grimace, good sense deliver us! Where I not a Christian; did I not believe that "the breath of life" was "breathed into man, and man became a living soul," I should really think this fellow a mere *caput mortuum*. It requires so considerable an extension of faith to believe, that "the divinity" makes the least stir within him.

Could an interval be found from the dissipations of company and the fumes of wine, the lightning of some sudden reflection might stun LIGHTAIRS into his senses. Are we not in a state of probation? What then is the object of this fleeting existence?

"To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

To improve reason and of consequence morals. He, that utterly and wilfully neglects this object, lives in vain. He dies daily and by his own hand; a lingering suicide! The man, that trifles away life in the mere adornment of a handsome person, meets his death from BEAUTY. His fate is worse in fact, than was NARCISsus' in fable; inasmuch as a lingering death is worse than sudden dissolution.

EMERALD.

SLEEP UNFASHIONABLE;

A DIALOGUE.

"TO be sure, my dearest Bella," said the weeping one, "I seem to enjoy all I could wish—money, admiration, gaiety, some beauty, and more than one faithful lover; yet I am indeed miserable."

"But why, sweet Maria," said Bella, "tell me why?"

"Oh! my dear creature," replied Maria, "I am so very sound a sleeper, that I am quite distressed! It is that circumstance which prevents my obtaining that languid, elegant complexion I dote on; besides, it seems as if I had no feeling. I read the most delightful novels, and though my mind is full of the distresses of the heroine, I sleep as soundly as if I did not sympathise in them!—Nay, even when M——behaved so ill to me the other day, though I wept sincerely and bitterly about it, yet I cried myself to sleep like a child, and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, is always rallying me about it."

"That is cruel," observed Bella.

"It is, indeed," replied Maria; "Do you know, she tells me I may try as much as I please, but I never shall resemble any of my favourite heroines while I sleep so well? Now, Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all their virtues, and I am continually exercising myself in real action, by fancying very interesting scenes, and determining how I ought to conduct myself; but my aunt is very right; I cannot for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes after I lay my head on my pillow."

"To be sure," said Dulcibella, "there is something vastly engaging in that delicacy of feeling, which keeps the eyes awake to weep through the whole of a long winter's night, which strews the pillow of down with thorns, and deprives its elegant possessor of the vulgar comforts of oblivion."

"Oh! my dear Dulcibella," replied Maria, "how charmingly you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed by this nocturnal invader, as I am."

"No, indeed," answered Dulcibella; "I rarely sleep above an hour in a night and that only at intervals: if the least thing presses on my mind, I cannot close my eyes."

"Ah," cried the petulant Maria, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me; and, I am sure it is not for want of feeling, for, at this moment, I could shed tears by pailsful; but so invincible is the power of sleep, that though I had my little cousin Fanny to sleep with me, when she had the hooping cough, I never awoke, even with her fits of coughing."

"Drink strong tea," said Dulcibella.

"I do, I do, my dear creature," answered Maria, "but in vain."

DISSOLUTION OF A PARENT.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

MY father took his seat near my mother, and my sister Penelope placed herself upon his knee.—"We only want our Reginald here," observed my invalid mother, taking his hand; "but to-morrow morning, I hope, he will be with us."—"He must have received my letter," answered my father; "I expect him every hour."—"Nothing will prevent it," replied my mother, faintly flushing, "unless he is unfortunately absent from Oxford." My father made no answer, but sighed deeply. I rose and opened the door. "That is not amiss, my dear child," said my mother to me; "the room is too close." Then addressing herself to my sister Penelope, she said, "I see your brother has not cured you of the spirit of monopolizing; you still keep possession of your father's knee, or the little parlour, as you used to call it."—"Oh! there is plenty of room for my dear Gilbert," cried she, nestling closer to him; "See! here is more than half; is there not, papa?" The suddenness of the question; the tender moment; and, it may be a recollection from conscience, that an unoffending, but neglected, child then stood before him as a suppliant for nearly a first embrace, appeared to have confounded my father. He coloured; but holding out his hand to me, said, "You are now too old, Gilbert, for a seat in my little parlour; but not so for one in my bosom." He drew me towards him, and pressing my face to his own, with emotion, said, "God bless you, my poor boy!"

Awakened sensibility gave to this unexpected benediction the tone of relenting nature. Compassion vibrated on his heart; and his melting eyes indicated the passing thought of tender sorrow. It struck on my mother's feeble frame like an electric shock; for a moment her pale countenance was suffused with the fleeting hue of health; her languid eyes beamed with animation and joy; and suddenly half-raising herself, she, with trembling eagerness, said, "Oh! let me hear these blessed words again, and die

happy! Once more bless your poor Gilbert! Once more let me behold him in his father's embrace! Bless your son, my Gilbert added she, with inconceivable agitation and energy; "receive your Penelope's last test of truth, and your future comfort!"

"May heaven refuse to hear me in my hour of need;" answered my father, bursting into agonizing tears; "may I be cut off for ever when I refuse to give him the blessing which he has never forfeited, and which you crave for him!—God bless you, my son!" continued he, straining me to his agitated bosom; God for ever bless you, for the sake of that angel who bore you. Oh! implore him, with me, to preserve that life in which is centred all our earthly happiness!"

It is enough," faintly murmured my mother, sinking on her pillow. "God of my salvation! I am ——" Her eyes closed; her lips still moved; a convulsive sigh escaped; and her pure spirit left, without a pang, its fragile, though, even in death, beautiful, prison.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

Sir,

As your paper professes to be established for the purpose of pleasing and instructing the "Ladies," I flatter myself you will not treat with neglect the request of one of your female subscribers, who asks advice through that medium. It is a request which, though it may appear trivial to many, is of importance to the one who asks it. I will state it in as concise a manner as possible, hoping, that you, or some of your correspondents, will condescend to give the wish'd-for advice.

A young gentleman, who, to dissemble his real name, I shall call HORATIO, was introduced to me about eighteen months since. His first appearance, which displayed becoming modesty, prepossessed me in his favour. For some time after our introduction, sociability and friendship were mutually observed between us. It was grateful to my feelings to hear all my companions speak in terms of high encomium of the accomplishments of the young Horatio. Many an hour did I pass with pleasure and satisfaction in his company—whatever subject was introduced, his good humour and affability,

his strength and perspicacity of mind, which appeared equally conspicuous in his conversation, amused and instructed all around him.

But pleasing as were his manners then, they are no less displeasing now—from the social and instructive friend, he has become the indiscreet and impassioned lover. Judging from the above observations, those who have more of feeling than judgment, will, no doubt, be ready to stigmatize me with the appellation of coquette; but reflecting persons, I am inclined to believe, will palliate my conduct in this respect, by the consideration of the fallibility prone to human nature. I am induced to make this observation by the belief that no woman of ordinary discretion can esteem, or even respect the man, who permits his passions so far to get the better of him, as to make his happiness totally dependent upon the object of his admiration. Would she not rather pity, than admire such a person? Can friendship and esteem, once sunk into mere pity, ever be kindled into pure and unadulterated love? No one, I presume, who has studied human nature, will say it can. Such, then, is the situation of Horatio.—At first he commanded my respect, now shares only my pity, and can he ever get possession of my heart? No, never!

Fully resolved never to yield my heart to him, and wishing to avoid adding affliction to his wounded feelings, such advice is now solicited as the Visitor is calculated to give, for the future conduct of
BELINDA.

CHARADE.

MY First forms part of man's frail frame,
Plac'd near the source of life, his heart;
'Tis what e'en females often name;
I would not wish a blush to start.

My Second is a term well known,
When card-taught Science prompts to play;
'Tis us'd in certain games alone,
And oft is seiz'd as lawful prey.

My Whole a famous town will shew,
Where Commerce spreads her fervid flame.
Ladies, my riddle soon you'll know;
Then deign to tell its compound name.

IT was a saying of Rochester, "that every man would be a coward, if he durst." In regard to duelling, we wish men were brave enough to be cowards.

WEEKLY VISITOR.

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1806.

The audience at Mrs. Hamilton's Readings and Recitations on Tuesday evening was numerous; and many of those who composed it, were persons of the first taste and fashion, in our city. She had the address to interest them; and preserve their attention undiminished to the last; and her exertions were rewarded by the most marked and flattering approbation. The pronunciation of this lady is pure, her delivery correct, her actions appropriate and elegant; and all those arguments, the evident result of much pains and study, were placed in the strongest point of view, and produced their fullest effect. Nature has bestowed on her a powerful and melodious voice, a graceful person, and a beautiful expressive countenance. When Mrs. Hamilton repeated those lines from Milton,

"Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
"In every gesture dignity and love,"

There was a smile of general satisfaction, as if every body had been struck with the same idea, that the elegant verses of the poet really described the charming reciter. *M. Ad.*

Died, on the 15th inst. after a long and painful sickness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation, JAMES WATSON, Esq. aged 56 years.

Sensible of his approaching fate, he met death with the composure which is derived from reflection upon a well-spent life. Few men have been so extensively benevolent; none more just. Human distress obtained immediate access to his heart, and ever found his hand open for its relief. His moral sense was exquisitely acute, and gave existence to rigid principles of integrity.

Ardent in his feelings, his affections excited him to active exertions for the good of those he loved; while his candour magnified excuses and palliations for those who injured him.—His friendships were sincere and faithful; and glowed with the greatest warmth, where they could go hand in hand with his generosity. His religious sentiments were

of the most elevated stamp, and were the more exalted, as they infused themselves into his actions, formed the rule of his conduct through life, and prompted him to the resolution that the world should be benefited by his existence. As they powerfully influenced his life, so they brought him consolation and peace on the bed of death.

He performed many important public services; not in those obvious stations which court popular applause, and reach for power: those he did not seek; but that sphere of action, where zeal, capacity, and undeviating fidelity, qualities that strikingly marked his character, were more beneficial to the public interests. His uprightness, his patriotism, his inflexible integrity, his abilities, ranked him in that class of men which is equally the pillar of good order, and the bulwark against oppression.

The death of such a man is no common loss to society; to his family and friends, it is an irreparable bereavement. *Ev. Post.*

Jacob Brenneman, who was lately advertised, for attempting to murder his father in law, Michael Hana, was apprehended on Thursday the 8th inst at or near Womelsdorff, in Berks county, Pennsylvania, and on Friday he was lodged in the jail of the county of Lancaster.

Our city inspector reports the death of 13 men, 6 women, 12 boys, and 7 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last. viz. Of casualties 2 (a man and a boy, both of whom died in consequence of a fall) consumption 8. (4 males between 40 and 50, and 4 females aged 10, 18, 21, and 22, years) convulsions 1, decay 2, dropsy 1, dysentery 1, bilious fever 2, typhus fever 2, hives 3, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, locked jaw 2, mortification 1, old age 1, pleurisy 1, small pox 2, sore throat 1, still born 3, teething 2, and 1 of worms.

To Correspondents, &c.

"Anacreontic," came too late for this week's paper. It shall be attended to, in our next.

"Monmouth," shall have a place in our ensuing number.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John S. Schermerhorn to Miss Lucretia L. Brinkerhoff.

On Tuesday evening last, at Poughkeepsie, Mr. Ezekiel Dodge, of this city, to Miss Jane Power, of that village.

THEATRE,—PARK.

.....TO SHew
THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIME,
ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

MR. FALCONER,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public that his BENEFIT will take place on Monday evening, May 26th, when will be presented, (for the first time this season) the very popular comedy of the

ROAD TO RUIN.

By HOLCROFT.

Dornton	Mr. Johnson,
Harry Dornton	Martin,
Sulky	Hogg,

Silky,	} his first appearance in this character,	} Twaits,
Sophia		

End of the 3d act, a hornpipe by Miss Hodgkinson.

End of the play

The much admired comic Song of Miss Aaron, Miss Rachel and Miss Moses.

As sung in Boston with universal applause
by

Mr. TWAITS.

After which, Mr. YOUNG will recite Dr. Goldsmith's Epitogue, in the character of Harlequin, and conclude with a leap through a BARREL OF FIRE.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the admired Burtetta, called

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES;
WITH THE
LIFE AND DEATH OF
TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house, No. 92 Greenwich-street, on the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter. Ladies attended at their own houses as usual.

December 14.

ff

A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF
TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY

N. SMITH,

CHYMICAL PERFUMER,

From London,

At the New York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the
ROSE, No. 114, opposite the
City Hotel, Broadway



Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying,
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an
agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling,
that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a
small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Al-
mond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Carcassia or Antique Oil, for curling;
glossing and thickening the Hair, and preventing
it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so
well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pim-
ples; redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for
whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old
age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after
shaving with printed directions. 6s. 8s. and 12s.
per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the
hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning
grey; 4s and 8s. per pot, with printed directions

His superfine white Hair-Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft
Pomatus, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled
with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving
a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures rough-
ness and chops, and leaves them quite smooth, 2s.
4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth
and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing
the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to
be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and
8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for
the Teeth and Gums; warranted, 2s. 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball,
far superior to any other for softening, beautifying
and preserving the skin, with an agreeable per-
fume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s.
each.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell
again. May 24, 1836.

SELECT ACADEMY.

G. THRESHER,

FROM LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
WRITING, ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, AND
MARINE PAINTING,

[Pupil to the celebrated Mr. Dodd, Marine
Painter to his Britannic Majesty,]

NO. 13 BROAD STREET,

G. T. Respectfully informs the ladies and
gentlemen, that he teaches by the lesson, or quar-
ter at their respective homes, or at his rooms as
above. May 24

BLACK JET BUTTONS,

NEW & ELEGANT TEA-TRAYS

A. & F. OGSBURY,

HAVE just received by the Adrianna from
Liverpool, an assortment of TEA-TRAYS, of the
newest and most elegant patterns, and of superior
workmanship, from 16 to 30 dollars the sett,
with a great variety at lower prices. Also, an
assortment of ladies' BLACK JET BUTTONS.

Knives and forks, penknives, scissors, needles,
spangles, tinsel trimmings, violin strings, &c. all
of the first quality, and for sale wholesale and
retail at their store No. 77 William Street.

May 10.

I. WOOFFENDALE,

DENTIST,

NO. 84 BROADWAY,

HAVING been informed by several people
that they have purchased DENTIFRICE at differ-
ent shops in this city which was sold for his, in-
forms every person that his DENTIFRICE for
cleansing and preserving the teeth, 4 shillings per
box, and his Lotion for the cure of the scurvy in
the gums, 8 shillings per bottle, are sold at his
house, but at no other place in America. He con-
tinues to fix human, artificial, and enamelled ar-
tificial teeth.

N. B. Every person wearing artificial teeth,
ought to use the Lotion every day.

May 3

4 t.

**THE NEW-YORK
LANCASTER SCHOOL.**

IT is a common complaint among Parents, that
the persons who have the care of their children
at school, take more scholars than they can attend
to, and the complaint is founded in truth. Teach-
ers must live: and the price of education being
low, they depend for subsistence, upon the num-
ber of their pupils; the cause of this evil is to be
found in the usual plan of Education, which ren-
ders it impossible for one person to discharge with
fidelity, the duty of Teacher to more than a small
number of children.

But there exists now in London, a school in
which one thousand children are thoroughly instruct-
ed under the care of one Master alone. It was
Established by Mr. JOSEPH LANCASTER, in the
Borough Road, Southwark, under the patronage
of many of the principal characters in Great Brit-
tain. This extraordinary Institution is founded
on a new system of instruction; at first it consist-

ed of only 113 scholars, but is now extended to
1000, and is shortly to be enlarged still more.
Another Institution of the same kind is establish-
ed near Westminster, where a similar number are
educated. A subscription is opened for the edu-
cation of 10,000 poor children, on the same prin-
ciple.

Mr. Lancaster has published a full account of
this plan, which excellent work the subscribers
have in their possession.

The favourable reception which this mode of
Education has met with in England, has encour-
aged the subscribers (one of whom has had some
practice therein) in attempting to establish a school
upon the same plan, in which Mr. Lancaster's sim-
ple, but excellent methods will be adhered to, as
nearly as circumstances will admit. The two
leading principles on which the system is founded,
are emulation, and the hope of reward; principles
which address themselves in a peculiar manner,
to the ardent temper of youth. These operative
springs of action, are made to pervade the whole
course of Instruction. Diligence brings its own
reward, and honour is a sure attendant upon ex-
ertion: while an inflexible discipline represses
disorder, the rod will be little used, as it has been
proved, that the hope of winning a top, or a ball,
will do what many whippings could never have
effected.

The school room is large, and in a healthy situa-
tion, at No. 222, Greenwich street, and as it is in-
tended that the school shall offer advantages in re-
spect to expence, which are not to be obtained in
any other respectable school, the terms are fixed
as follows:

Spelling and Reading Per. Qr. 2 Dols.
Spelling, Reading, and Writing 3 Do.
Spelling, Reading, Writing Cyphering, 4 Do.
Pens and Ink 25 Cts.

N. B. Rewards to a considerable amount will
be distributed among the scholars, at the expense
of the subscribers.

WM. PIRSSON, & CO.

New York, May 17.

CRAYON PAINTING.

G. SCHIPPER,

MINIATURE PAINTER,

Has arrived in this city, and respect-
fully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen
thereof, that he takes *LIKENESSES IN
CRAYON SET*, accompanied with an ele-
gant frame and glass, at the moderate
price of *ten dollars*: and if not approved
a *likeness* no payment will be requested.

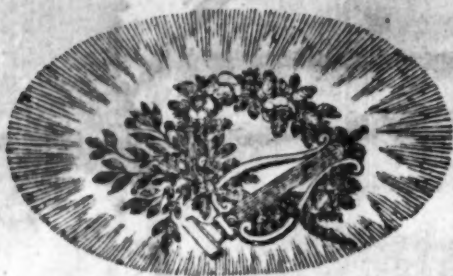
SPECIMENS of his work to be seen at
his Drawing Rooms at Mr. SAMUEL. I
BERROWE'S, No. 6 Pine-street.

TERMS OF THE VISITOR.

To city subscribers, two dollars per an-
num, payable half yearly.

To those who receive the work by mail,
two dollars, payable in advance.

A handsome title page, and table of
contents, will accompany the last number
of each volume.



COMMUNICATED FOR THE WEEKLY
VISITOR.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY SISTER-IN-LAW.

SLEEP on, sleep on, my sister dear,
Peaceful and sweet be thy repose;
Oh! may it chase thy dewy tear,
Thy cheek regain its rose,
My own dear Mary.

Whilst half the world is hush'd in sleep,
And envied souls forget their cares,
I, planted near thy pillow, weep,
And whisper soft to Heaven my pray'rs
For thee, lov'd Mary.

The aching head's at length reliev'd,
No more thy cheeks with fever glow:
Whilst I, almost of hope bereav'd,
Pray such a lot you ne'er may know,
But peace, my Mary.

Methought your cheek look'd sweetly fair,
Nor knew a pain was thine;
Yet fear'd that cheek was pal'd with care,
Whilst fondly prest to mine,
It glow'd, my Mary,

Sleep on, the storm disturbs not thee,
May sweetest forms flit round thy pillow,
For waking now, you'd weep with me,
For him, who sought the ocean's billow,
Deserting Mary.

Soon sweet sleeper we must sever,
Then thy tears will flow for me;
Cease, nor let them stream for ever,
Sure in Heaven peace will be
Mine, my Mary.

And when this care-worn form repôses,
Let the willow planted be;
Leave the lilies, leave the roses;
They have never blown for me
In this world, Mary.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

SONG.

BY MRS. BLISS.

When William first woo'd I said yes to the swain,
And made him as blest as a lord:
For ye virgins around, in my speech to be plain,
That no is a dangerous word!
The girl that will always say no I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet to die an old maid.

The gentlemen seem one and all to agree,
That we're made of materials for kissing....
And if so, for I really believe it, good me!
What joys through one no might be missing!
Since the girl who will always say no, I'm afraid,
Is doom'd by her planet, to die an old maid.

Say yes, and of courtship ye finish the toil....
Whole mountains at once ye remove....
You brighten the eyes of the swain by a smile,
For smiles are the sunshine of love!
Say yes, and the world will acquit you of art,
Since the tongue will not then give the lie to the heart.

ANECDOTE
OF THEMISTOCLES.

THE people of ATHENS laughed at THEMISTOCLES, and openly reviled him even in the streets, because he was ignorant of the manners of the world, the *ton* of good company, and that accomplishment which is called *good breeding*. He retorted, however, upon these ignorant railers with the keenest asperity: "It is true," said he, "I never play upon the lute; but I know how to raise a small and inconsiderable city, to greatness."

THE RULING PASSION.—A lady's beauty is dear to her in every situation: in sickness and even in death. Mrs. B—t, daughter of Dr. S—h—e, was a very lovely woman; she was worn out with a long, and painful sickness. As, in her *last faintings*, her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, *for it would make her hair grey!*

AN Irish baronet, walking out with a gentleman one day, was met with by his

nurse, who requested charity. "I will give you nothing," said he; "you played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman, in amazement, asked what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy when you took me to nurse, and you changed me for a poor sickly brat of your own."

AN English lady of high birth, on her death bed, expressed a strong curiosity to know whether some regard would not be paid to her quality in the other world: and being told, by a worthy divine, that where she was going, there was no acceptance of persons, replied, *Well! if it be so, this Heaven, after all, is a strange place!*

Anecdote of Charles the twelfth.

ONE day, as Charles XII. of Sweden, was dictating some letters to his secretary, to be sent to court, a bomb fell on the house, pierced the roof, and burst near the apartment in which he was. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces; but the king's closet, being partly surrounded by a thick wall, suffered no damage; and, by an astonishing piece of fortune one of the splinters, which flew about in the air, entered at the closet door, which happened to be open. The report of the bomb, and the noise it occasioned in the house, which seemed ready to tumble, induced the secretary to drop his pen. "What is the reason," said the king, with a tranquil air, "that you do not continue writing?" The secretary could only say, "Ah, Sire! the bomb!" Well replied the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating to you? Go on!"

THE SEASON.—After reading a long list of marriages in a late paper, a wag observed, that although the season was somewhat backward, there was a prospect of its being a very *politic* one.

A wit bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single state, exclaimed, what can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down?—and in the same tone, by way of self condolent response, observed, *a-lass! a-lass!*

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